SPAIN.

The Revolutionary Uprising At Valencia.

Siege of the City and Scenes During Its Progress.

Journeying to the Place of Conflict and What Was Seen at the Termination.

By mail from Europe we have the following valuable and useful special correspondence from Spain, detailing the progress of the revolution and the siege of Valencia.

The Siege.

VALENCIA DEL CID, Oct. 16, 1869.

The uprising of the volunteers at the cities of Saragossa and Valencia was coetaneous, and occurred on the 8th inst. But, as I have already informed you, you are aware now, after twenty-two hours of cannonading and musketry, Saragossa surrendered to overwhelming numbers. It now becomes my duty to give you briefly a history of the causes which led to the insurrection in this city, of the subsequent events, of the nine days' siege, of the gradual investment—the peaceful termination to the horrible suspense and anxiety which weighed down the spirits of over 50,000 innocents—and the march of the troops over the barricades for the military occupation of all the most important points.

It is barely necessary to state that the same bands, or general order which produced that turbulent irruption of mad passions at the ancient capital of the kingdom of Aragon, evoked the same results here, except that the volunteers were so strong here and so ably seconded by the alcalde, ayuntamiento and citizens, that the insurrection was more successful, and instead of the sad termination which ended the insurrection at Saragossa the insurgents were almost triumphant, elicited bursts of admiration from military commanders, epigrammatic praise from their own fellows, hearty applause from soldiers and respect from all parties for the gallant manner in which they defended their several positions.

On my return from the bloody memories of Saragossa and having arrived at Madrid, and studying the progress of the insurrection as it spread from place to place, from hamlet to hamlet, over the sierras and adust plains of Spain, like a hurricane in full force, my thoughts adverted to Valencia del Cid. Queer reports came from that "Sultana of the Mediterranean" of cannonading, of fierce insurrection, of concentration of troops, and much else indicative of a protracted struggle, of obstinacy on the one hand and a cruel determination on the other; and being a special of the HERALD it was not in nature to sit with folded arms and let an important event like that transpiring at Valencia pass, with all the hideous and amorphous reports which rumor gave of it without personal investigation. Thus it was I determined upon coming to Valencia. "To go down to Valencia," thought I; "to enter a city in a state of siege, nay, the outskirts of the city completely invested by thousands of troops, will require audacity, and even audacity, unaided by other means, will not enable me to get within the city. It were well to fortify my prestige by a letter of introduction to the commanding general or to some other person of consequence." General Sickles, who had created such a world-wide celebrity among diplomatic bodies, and who is personally superlatively a gentleman, kindly offered me an introductory card to the very person who could aid and protect an itinerant of my profession.

It would be entirely out of place here to indulge in the descriptive. The route to Bucina must be passed over; but after a ten hours' journey I arrived at Encina, which is a village where the railway bifurcates—one branch leads to Valencia, another to Carthagena, another to Alicante. From Encina to Valencia is a distance of forty miles.

"Can I go to Valencia direct?" I asked the Señor who rules over the destinies of trains at the Encina depot.

"No," gruffly responded the official.

"Why not?" which is a question characteristic of inquiring minds, especially of a New Yorker.

"Because it is not possible," replied the prosaic officer.

"Why is it not possible?" another question which a native New Yorker would ask.

"*Pues bien*," because the trains do not run to Valencia now; because the insurrectionists have destroyed seven leagues of railroad, and it will take a long time to repair it, he replied, breathlessly.

Who of all inquisitive Americans would trouble the man further, after such an exhaustive explanation?

"Well," I commenced again, "can I telegraph?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because no *telegramas particulares* can pass over the lines according to order from Minister of War."

Perfectly explanatory and satisfactory was that reply also. Heigh ho! To Alicante then, thence by sea to Valentia. Circumnavigate Spain, by Jupiter Olympus, but a HERALD special must get to Valentia. Extrude all such words as "fail" and "can't" from your vocabulary and go. That was the conclusion I arrived at, and after a very seedy repast at post-diluvian Encina, I was on my way to Alicante, which, as any reader can perceive by examining a chart of Spain, was a wide detour.

Alicante was reached about eleven of the forenoon of the 14th inst. This seaport is decidedly Moorish in aspect. The square formation of the buildings, the dun-colored stone and tiles of the roofs—similar in color to the soil—and the sandstone rocks, reminded me of Algiers and Ceuta. There is nothing remarkable in Alicante except the rocky peaks and the castle which crowns its summit, and the city for that reason need not detain me. If you will accept as a fact that the city contains some 30,000 inhabitants, has a castle and a well built mole, you have all that is necessary for my present purpose.

We arrived at El Grao (the gradus, gradii, grades, which the term signifies), the port of Valencia, at about six o'clock the following morning, which was the 15th inst. Outside the harbor was an English frigate and a French corvette, to protect the interests of the English and French residents at Valencia during the appalling period of a close siege. Inside the harbor were a few goletas, barks and ships of different nations, among which were distinguishable the tall, graceful spars of two American vessels. There was no difficulty in securing a boat and landing ashore, for in the immediate vicinage of the sea there were not the least signs of a revolution or of a local insurrection. The boatmen plied their craft as usual, sailors were mounted in the shrouds of their ships, doing odd work upon rigging, the masons and carpenters were busy with chisel and hammer upon the mole being constructed, and the bizarre citizens of El Grao pursued their usual avocations. Upon landing we were surrounded by persevering cabmen, who wished a fare. A few questions were asked by passengers relative to the possibilities of reaching the city which was three miles distant, to which cabmen replied that all who desired to reach the city must start at seven o'clock, for there was a cessation of hostilities during the early part of the morning; that after reaching the outskirts of the city we had to proceed as best we could, braving stray bullets; that if we persevered we might be shot, or we might be able to reach the hotels where we intended staying at. Not very consoling these remarks, but anxious husbands and fathers, and energetic correspondents may not be stopped by them, nor detained for the shortest time imaginable. Consequently we hired tartanas, which are but mean improvements upon the Turkish arabas. Tartanas are Spanish cabs, or, more rightly, Valencian cabs, springless, bottomed with matting, covered over with darkish green baize cloth, resembling in external appearance an American army ambulance. Seated in these with as much comfort as Valencian tartanas can afford, we proceeded on our journey from El Grao to Valencia.

Leaving the narrow streets of the port, and turning inland we travelled at a gentle jog trot along the Alameda of Valencia, flanked on each side by two rows of sycamore trees, whose green leaves being in striking contrast to the dusty, dry road, and apparently painted stone with which the dwellings of the Grao people are built, appeared the more agreeable. It was not until the towers, the richly artistic facades and domes of Valencia were distinctly visible among the verdurous foliage and exuberant vegetation with which the plains of Valencia is teeming, that signs of agitation became visible. And as we drew nearer to the city those signs became more and more apparent. Tartanas were hurriedly withdrawing from the neighborhood loaded with agitated pallid faced people of both sexes and of all ages. They blocked this one safe avenue to the city until it became a skilful task to proceed without locking wheels. Those on foot alone seemed to be possessed with but one sole idea, which was to get safe away from danger, from flying shot that whistled uncomfortably near. The women bore their little ones in their arms, the husbands and fathers carried the lares and penates of the family, little children toddled along promiscuously carrying whatever seemed apposite to their power of bearing burdens, and a continued stream of homogeneous humanity flowed seaward, while ourselves perseveringly held onward.

We arrived at the Puente del Mare, which crosses the broad bed of the shallow, muddy Turia and is the nearest of access from the sea. Even amid the seething confusion of anxious, agitated, panicky fugitives it was impossible to limit casting a quiet, critical glance at this characteristic relic of Gothico-Moresco age, with its semi-religious, semi-barbarous features. But surrounded as we were by this manified streamed exodus of Valencianos, with its manifold facialities and being members of the human race, unless we had been carved of adamant we could not remain impassive spectators, and whatever glances we cast round were but momentary. After crossing the bridge and driving into a triangular area, some inklings of the true nature of the strife even then progressing within the city were to be had from sympathetic bystanders. Groups of men, with swart faces and intensely black eyes, brawny of muscle and herculean of limb, whom you might recognize to be *paisanos* by their rustic bearing and dress, were discussing with the freedom of Spaniards the progress of the siege and the state and spirit of the insurrectionists. They spoke of these things favorably for the republican cause, eulogistically of their friends, but yet not indulging in any anathemas against the government, nor yet in any censurable language. The most expressive terms we heard were—"Que barbaridad! que lástima!" (what barbarity! what a pity!) signifying what barbarity it was to compel the governing power to bombard the city, Valencia of the Cid, and what a pity it was that such things should be, and directly they would advert for the purpose of maintaining the interest of the confabulations to the valor of Valencianos (not Spaniards) to their love of liberty and to their warlike spirits. For "had not the insurrectionists withstood the army, 10,000 soldiers for seven days? Were they not doing so then with no decrease of courage? Were they not going to keep it up for ever so long again? Que valor (what courage)!" All of which were commendable to themselves, though they were non-combatants, for "had they not been born and reared on the vega of Valencia? Were they not likely to be as brave under different circumstances?" for instance, defending the sacred soil of the happy, blessed vega against the encroachments of foreign invaders, ever it might be to them; neither was it profitable.

Now, who shall we have to carry our baggage to the city—not into contentious, belligerent interior, but to some fonda or hotel close by, where we can see the siege well, where we can see the battle and where we can hear the roar of artillery and whizzing bullets?

"Will you?" we ask a strapping peasant, who had very likely often done the same task.

"*Ca, hombre!* pshaw, nonsense, man; not I, for a dollar," he replied, with an expressive sum-up-all shrug; "*Ca, hombre.*"

"Will you?" was asked another.

"*Ca, hombre!* Not for ten dollars. What do you take me for? A fool, eh? *Ca, hombre!*"

"Will you?" was asked another.

"Chut! To the devil with you and your baggage. Do I look such an ass?" replied this brave *paisano*, rather impatiently.

Judgment was to be employed here; physiognomy was to be studied; otherwise—who knows?—we might get a *navaja* in our bread basket or under a small rib, which would be far from pleasant.

"Ah, here is a boy of sixteen, modest and boyish in face, coming this way. Wait until he comes by. Don't be impatient. Andrew Jackson said once that boys in battle were generally braver than men."

"*Chico* (boy), will you carry this baggage to a hotel for us?"

"With pleasure, señor; what hotel?" he asked.

"Hotel de Paris."

"Hotel de Paris is surrounded with soldiers, and the insurrectionists are firing on it all the time; but nevertheless, and your Excellency wishes it, I shall take you there," said he, unconsciously.

Vamos chico! and *chico* and we go from one street to another—from Puente del Mar to Plaza Principe Alfonso. Stopped by soldiers at the entrance to the plaza, with steel bayonets at our breasts, glared on by dark eyes, dimly shining out of begrimed faces, we turn sharply about, cross over to glorious Glorieta, turn up an alley, whisk ourselves up another, wheel again, travel up Gloria street, steel bayonets imperiously halt us; martial voices bid us begone. "Courage, señoritas;" chico encore says, patronizingly. "We'll fetch up yet," the young boy says, knowingly, winking significantly. From Calle del Gloria up a few paces along Sea street, and thence turn up San Bull street, wheel left, emerge into Congregacion street, and are directed to the Plaza de la Congregacion. This plaza was but fifty yards square, the centre of it being planted with about a dozen sycamore trees. To the left of it ran a street called Calle del Mar, which was the aristocratic part of what is called above Sea street. The Hotel de Paris was at the corner of Calle del Mar and Plaza de la Congregacion, and about 200 yards up Calle del Mar was one of the strongest barricades in the city, defended by about 100 insurrectionists, who kept firing continually towards the plaza and the hotel. To get to the fonda or hotel the gauntlet was to be run; to be sure it was but twenty feet of a width to cross, still, when bullets hissed and hummed like monstrous bees in that direction it was dangerous. Soldiers warned us not to cross, the citizens who were in the Plaza hissed warningly, officers remonstrated against the folly. But it is but twenty feet? Count three and jump. Anxious parents and husbands and correspondent jump; yet take one peep at the barricade in our mid-air flight, see three curling, pearly-colored puffs of smoke, hear three or more bullets whizzing savagely near us, and we are in the hotel portico safe, with a chorus of bravos in our rear and welcome in our front.

Once in the hotel the huge folding doors are flung to, and in the dark we ascend to the second story, where there are numbers of soldiers surrounding the house, in every balcony, behind double mattresses; the rooms in the greatest disorder, pier glasses and small mirrors smashed, furniture of parlor with ugly rents and fractures in them, objects of vertu in pieces on the floor, walls disfigured by bullet weals, with a waiter wounded in the head; scared maids wandering with vacant eyes along the corridors; ladies snugly barricaded within back rooms; brave French landlord infusing heroic buncombe into new arrivals. Such a wreck as this once comfortable hotel was indoors could hardly be imagined, while ever and anon a fusilade would be directed from the house against the insurrectionists, who had made coverts of the cathedral towers, which were 152 feet high, and were ambushed behind chimney tops and turrets of noble mansions. Responsive came numbers of bullets, smashing windows and shutters, thudding suddenly against the ashlar, or window sills, sometimes coursing through mattress defences and skipping in most erratic fashion from room to room through slim partitions of lath and plaster.

The obliging landlord furnished me with a front room on the second story overlooking Plaza de la Congregacion and Calle del Mar with its barricade. From the window, keeping prudently out of harm's way, was to be seen the balconies of the opposite side of the street filled with soldiers, who were firing away as rapidly as possible against the barricade and church towers, roofs of houses and whatever, high or low, that looked suspicious. With such a miscellany of sights and sounds, such as might be supposed to emanate from this animated play of musketry, imagination will enable one to conceive the vast volume of sound that dinned our ears and filled the atmosphere of the city of Valencia. At intervals also were heard the deep roar of cannon, the stormful rushing screech of a shell as it flew on its deadly errand and the solid cannon shot as it rung its suggestive accompaniment an octave lower. Now higher, louder, more emphatic, more in harmonious unison volleyed, one might say without exaggeration, 10,000 muskets and twenty cannon of great and small calibre, without intermission or a second's pause, fierce, deadly annihilating stone barricades plunging *en ricochet* against the stone barriers of various thicknesses, and coursing through and through houses, answered back by incessant volleys from lofty perches and stone balustrades. I could see soldiers coming down under the leaden tempest, though hidden behind balconies strengthened by double mattresses. I could see them tumbling hastily head foremost into the interior of the houses, clutching frantically their companions or doorsills in a perfect agony. Looking down into the street also I could perceive such infinite dodging, such frantic leaps behind cover, such squirming out of reach, such gushes of pallor overspread the features of the marksmen that it was barely possible to refrain from exclaiming, "Oh, what cowards!" I observed also from my prudent retreat, with calm philosophic tendencies within, what a thing cowardice was, and what was real fochardiness and how hollow the valorous vaunt is, for directly beneath the balcony of my room was the Plaza de la Congregacion, and in this plaza were the principal officers of Don Francisco de la Rivera, Captain General commanding; Don Martin Rosales, lieutenant general, and Lieutenant General Alaminos, Military Governor of Valencia. These officers were of the rank of brigadier, quartermaster and commissary generals, colonels, majors, and aides-de-camp, and many of them were brave, no doubt, but I may be allowed to judge them as they exhibited themselves. Many of these exercised dodging proclivities to advantage, and when the whistling of heavy leaden balls flew in uncomfortable proximity to them I could not but observe how quickly they leaped backward and seemed rather loth to occupy their former positions. Some—for instance, Brigadier General Palacios—said, with an oath which those who know Spanish may guess, "What do I care for their firing?" and then the orthodox Spanish swagger and bluster was exhibited, to the confusion of those who had instinctively retrograded to avoid danger and to the admiration of the youthful aristocratic aids, who endeavored to assume stoical appearance under the heavy fire. There were some again who said nothing, but did their duty without comment, without remark, in an unobtrusive way which involuntarily evokes admiration for men so happily constituted.

Captain General Rivera's headquarters was in a house not fifty yards from Hotel de Paris, in full view of it, and one would have thought from the multitude of befrogged and belaced officers who thronged the door that nearly all the general officers of the Peninsula were in attendance upon him. Aid-de-camps flew in all directions, mounted upon fine Andalusian chargers, to carry despatches to the different quarters and the various brigade commanders stationed round the city.

Now having described my introduction into the centre of operations in Valencia, I must digress a little in order to give you an idea of what provoked this insurrection and what were the dispositions of the Minister of War for its reduction.

Valencia, Malaga, Alicante, Cadiz, Carthagena and Barcelona were known to be republicans for their deputies were republicans and had their seats in the Cortes. These cities contained large populations who were supposed to be eager to engage in civil war for their political ideas, only superlative policy, in fact, could quiet them and preserve the coast of Spain from the horrors of the impending evil. Barcelona, being the first and richest maritime port, was the first to be rendered inert and helpless at the feet of the government, too good an excuse had been offered the Powers not to take advantage and cripple the ever blatant republican politicians. Barricades the Barcelonese did set up, but they were new and strange to these things, made but poor barricades at the best, and stood but ill under the bayonet charges of the regular troops. Tarragona had already preceded Barcelona, but the defence was too confused, a huge blunder, marked likewise by an assassination and subsequent vandalism not to be named with Barcelona and Saragossa. Sympathy at these Mediterranean ports runs deep and strong. No sooner had the goilettas and xebeques, cutters and barcas of the Barcelonese left their port than, stopping at Castellon, Valencia and their sister maritime cities, tidings of the barricade, the cleverness of the insurgents in building them, and, in setting Catalonia in a blaze of revolution, were eagerly communicated colored with their own ignorant versions. Castellon fermented, but the republican element was too weak to rebel, and the Governor was strong and had soldiers in sufficient numbers to put down and fully repress turbulency. Cadiz grumbled, but the blood shed on last December was too fresh in the memories of all boys and men to wish to repeat it without strong necessity, and unless the best republican orators had been in their midst to breathe the flames of war and to excite them to the enthusiastic degree, insurrection was not expected in this quarter. Republican orators were there, but they were not the best, nor were they good. Their orations were weakest buncombe, bluster and spouting. Cadiz succumbed, did not surrender her arms, yet gave no excuse to the government to assume a warlike attitude. Malaga, also, whose streets were dyed crimson with the blood of her citizens last December, was more cautious, waited patiently for Castelar to kindle the insurrectionary flame. Castelar did not come, for he was morose with perorating and apostrophizing the god of war, and cursing all tyrants in general and imploring Saragossanoes to doff hats and swear to die for the Republic—therefore Malaga remained quiescent. But Valencia—Valencia of the Cid, Ruy Diaz the Campeador, whose descendants peopled that haughty Sultana of the Great Sea—could not, would not surrender arms or live quiet until the Republic was declared. Valencia simmered gently at first, and Captain General was prompt; he called the alcalde popular who was also diputado to the Cortes Constituyentes, and convoked Ayuntamiento, and the chiefs of volunteers asked them what they intended to do. Did they propose to fight or aid in the preservation of peace? Alcalde Guerrero, Ayuntamiento and volunteers replied, "Yes." Seemingly they were all willing to aid authority to keep the peace. The City Fathers and fathers withdrew each to their house.

The night following, after volunteers had been assembled at the Church of Santos Juanes and Lonja, or the Silk Exchange, some of the most radical republicans by talking to each other received mutual encouragement. These, strengthened by their compatriots, conversed with the rest, and it was soon found that the republican volunteers, 1,500 strong, well armed, were all of one and the same mind. Conferences were held, or rather indignation meetings, and it was loudly agreed that delegations should be sent to the Mayor and Municipal Council to express the will of the volunteers, to inform them that they intended to fight for the republic, fight until Valencia should be laid in ruins rather than monarchism should triumph. A delegation arrived before the house of Guerrero asking him to come down to the street. The alcalde replied that he was busy and could not come just then. The delegation said he must come, and finally he came down, and after his arrival among them was so beset by entreaties and prayers that he went with them to the Lonja. The consequence of his visit to the Lonja, and of hearing the determination of the volunteers, was that he agreed to all they desired. All this took place in the night, and what all this resulted in was shown by the change which appeared in Valencia next morning.

Day downed, and lo! Valencia was barricaded—that is, the heart of it, from Plaza de la Mercado to the neighborhood of its outskirts—granite blocks and cobble stones, flagstones, carts, rush and Esparto baskets, strong three-inch plank and scaffold fixtures, with small portholes left, through which bright muskets peered frowningly, and commanded all avenues to the centre of the city. Republicans who were not volunteers had been mustered and asked whether they would join the volunteers, to all of which questions there were but few republicans who did not reply in the affirmative, so that in the morning there were about 15,000 insurgents in arms. Even by daylight work on the barricades was not suspended. They were pushed forward most insolently, until three-fourths of the city was surrounded. The balconies of the houses were strengthened by mattresses, cushions and various kinds of padding, and wherever a prominent house was found commanding a lengthly vista of a street or of an avenue the house had been occupied by a strong garrison of insurrectionists. The cathedral towers, looming up to the height of 156 feet; Santa Catalina, a strong tower, 117 feet high; San Lorenzo steeple, 157; San Nicolas, 153; Santos Juanes, in the market, 187 feet high, and the Lonja, a strong, substantial gothic building, 100 feet high, with all its wings turrets, battlements, these were all occupied by the republicans, while the market building itself, with its columns of free stone, was so strongly defended by raised breastworks that cannon would have to be used before it could be taken. The Principal, also, the palace of the Governor, had been occupied, and windows fortified with sacks of bread, heavy sofas and armchairs, behind which were disposed the Valencianos.

Fancy may aid the reader in his endeavors to imagine the fury of the Captain General when he ascertained the state of the city that morning, and found how grossly he had been deceived. Instant attack must be made upon them, barricades must be demolished instantly, houses must be annihilated, all insurrectionists must be hung, fusiladed, condemned to galleys for life or sunk in the sea. All these, and what not else; all modes of death and torture must be practiced; and such vituperation, such unvocabuloric invectives, unpronounceable epithets as the furious, choleric Governor indulged in, though remarkable, need not be recapitulated here.

His most sure commands were to attack instantly the insurrectionists, and what is here related took place on the morning of the 8th inst.

Four columns of attack, formed out of the garrison of 2,000 men at the citadel, were drawn up along the four principal streets leading to the market. For a fair comparison of the position of the market look at the compass. The centre of the compass shall be the market place—a spacious plaza for Valencia. The rhumbs running to each point shall be the streets radiating from the plaza. There being thirty-two points marked in a compass, so there are twenty-four streets leading from the plaza. This being a fair comparison, therefore the four principal streets may be compared to the four cardinal points. Along these streets are formed the columns of attack, each column having two pieces of artillery. The artillery shall demolish the barricades, the infantry shall then charge and engage the insurrectionists, and the cavalry—a squadron in each street—shall gallop up, cut off stragglers, sabre the obstinate, never-surrender heroes, and short work must end the matter. Wisely disposed, loyally determined; but note with what results.

At seven A. M., 8th inst., remember, first column of attack, under Lieutenant Colonel Alfonso Zea, composed of 600 men of the three arms, marched up Calle Nave; second column, composed of two companies of Toledo, one of Guardia Civil, two pieces of artillery and four squadrons of cavalry, under Major Rafael Mir, marched up Calle del Mar, and formed in Plaza de la Congregacion; third column, composed of a company of the Princess' regiment, two pieces of artillery, some Civil Guards, and cavalry under Captain Nebot, marched up Calle de la Congregacion; fourth column, composed of one company from Princess' regiment, one company of Toledo, one company of Civil Guards, artillery and cavalry, under Captain of Staff D. Roman Alfonso, proceeded up Calle de la Calatrava and Angosta de la Compañia. Thus the disposition of the attacking forces; let us see what fate awaited them.

The first column, commanded by Colonel Zea, passed through Calle Nave, past Plazas de Villarosa, Abadia de San Martin, and arrived at Pelleria Vieja, where they opened an animated fire upon the barricades, receiving in return most withering volleys from houses, roofs and barricades. Colonel Zea was shot through the heart, so also were two other unfortunates, who were too much exposed.

Rafael Mir's column passed through Calle del Mar and arrived at Plaza Catalina, where it also opened fire. Four streets run from this small plaza, two of which terminate in the market place. The two pieces of artillery were worked at the beginning with remarkable vigor, but the insurgents, seeing that they would occasion loss of life and much confusion to their comrades, hastened up through a lane and ascended the tower of Catalina church, and cautiously taking aim from the embrasures sent a well directed volley at them from a distance of fifty yards. Two officers commanding the artillery fell dead instantly, and almost every man of the artillerists was either killed or wounded. In a perfect stupor of horror those remaining alive looked up to the tower, and, finding themselves covered by the insurrectionists, dashed down Calle del Mar to Plaza de la Congregacion, a distance of 300 yards. The insurrectionists, seeing the artillery deserted, descended, and in a moment had taken possession and had drawn them in triumph to the market place. One of the officers killed in Plaza Catalina was called Rafael Monterde. Mir himself was wounded and so incapacitated that the command devolved upon a lieutenant colonel of Toledo, Señor Gonzalez Escandon.

The third column, under Captain Nebot, taking possession of the terminus of Calle Congregacion opened fire also, and was instantly followed by Alonzo's fourth column, which had approached from the right from Calatrava street; but unfortunate Alonzo, in crossing a lane called Old Estameneria, was shot through the heart by a revolver bullet. The fourth column was therefore incorporated with the third, under Captain Nebot, who, finding the open street too dangerous to occupy, ordered his troops into the telegraph offices and houses, while a perfect storm of bullets thinned them most unmercifully. But even fortified in the balconies by all manner of things that might be thought obstructive of leaden balls, the rebels from the church towers picked them off at their leisure, so they had to retreat and take refuge in Estameneria, leaving many of their number dying or dead within the houses they had lately occupied. Estameneria proved likewise too hot for the soldiers, for whenever they showed their forms the bullets came clattering thick and fast in such numbers as to utterly prevent them from taking any precautionary measures before replying to the insurrectionists with like intent. Brigadier General Joaquin Terrer, sent by the Captain General to replace the dead chief Zea, finding that Nebot was unable to assume the offensive, from his precarious situation, on Estameneria, ordered him to retire to Calle Chiponers and Plaza Redonda.

General Terrer then ordered the sappers and miners in the houses fronting Plaza Redonda, and those forming Chiponers street, to perforate the houses from within and make passages for the troops in the direction of the market, by which means, when they had completely perforated the walls as far as the terminus of Chiponers street, the soldiers could take a barricade, which was immediately below, and which kept up a most annoying fire of musketry. To support these offensive measures about to be taken three companies of a Toledo regiment were added to Escandon's force, three other companies of the same regiment were to aid Nebot, and these two forces united were to be the centre of attack. Brigadier General Terrer himself would take Zea's column and would be the right of the attack. Alonzo's column, formerly incorporated with that of Nebot's, would be withdrawn from the left of the attack. Another column, commanded by Colonel Cleto Anguio, composed of 190 men from the regiment of Zamora, would attack in the rear. Cleto also took two pieces of artillery and a squadron of horse and marched up Calle de San Vicente, artillery in front. In coming up calles de Calabazas and San Fernando, Cleto was made aware of a barricade in front of him by a rattling discharge of musketry. Hastily pushing on until he came to Plaza San Francisco he then ordered his troops to occupy Teatro Principal and the houses opposite and to raise barriers from whatever furniture would be available. While giving these orders a bullet from a church tower hard by raked the upper part of his head and sent him, wounded fearfully, to the ground from whence he was picked up, put on a stretcher and carried to the hospital. The command of his column devolved upon Señor Morales de los Rios, who pushed the artillery into the open street and ordered the artillerists to commence firing, while the infantry would occupy themselves in advancing from house to house towards the barricade, and the cavalry would in the meantime draw up in Plaza San Francisco and dismount until opportunity should arrive for their employment.

This last disposition of attack was made at four P. M., and from this time until night came the firing was incessant—musketry answering musketry, cannon responsive to cannon—causing fearful lists of wounded and dead, destruction to houses and furniture, and entailing such damage to proud Valencia that that one day's bombardment and fusilading would require months of toil and millions of reals to repair.

When night came the troops, much weakened with their severe losses, were withdrawn from their advanced positions and were concentrated in the University, Patriarch College, Church of St. Thomas, Assembly College, Crown House, Cervellon and Mirando palaces, artillery barracks, Royal Bridge, offices of the Bank of Spain and Society of Valencian Credit.

The losses the troops had experienced this day were sensibly felt, for out of the most unexpected places the insurrectionists in ambush were enabled to pick them out singly without any danger to themselves; but, in proportion to the numbers of soldiers engaged, the loss of officers was fearfully great, so much so that there were no less than five companies without a single officer in command that night. The reason of this was that the atmosphere of Valencia being so lucid objects are distinguishable from long distances, and whatever person was distinguished with military badges and lace became at once a certain target for bullets. Further, the insurrectionists had hoisted immense bill boards, on which were seen the words, "Death to officers, peace and friendship to soldiers." But I may not follow this day further, as there are eight more days to describe, which must be done as briefly as possible.

On the 9th inst. the troops, so weakened from the assaults of the previous day, were unable to assume the offensive, and were, therefore, obliged to preserve the position where they had penetrated the previous night. The insurrectionists, on the other hand, had pushed their outworks, had constructed many more barricades, had repaired and strengthened those they had previously built. Guerrero, the Alcalde, was in command, and all his movements were skilfully made, insomuch as to draw praise from even the Captain General himself. Many more towers had been occupied, and had been strongly garrisoned, and the insurrectionary force strengthened by numbers of republicans, who were but ill disposed to fight on the first day. This day passed without any important movement being made by either side. Towards night the government forces were strengthened by 200 volunteers from Torrente, who placed themselves at the disposition of the Captain General.

On the 10th instant, in the morning, a convoy of soldiers bound on a foraging expedition towards the mountains to the north were intercepted by a party of insurgents, and compelled to return to the city. At half-past eight A. M. Brigadier General Rosell left Valencia for the Grao, where he was to embark on board a steamer for Alicante, thence to Madrid to explain to the Minister of War on the part of Captain General Rivera the condition of the city and the impossibility of compelling the insurgents to surrender with the few soldiers he had under his command, as well as to demand instant reinforcements. Half way to the Grao he was attacked by a party of insurrectionists, and himself and escort captured by them. At ten A. M. Brigadier General Bormeze was sent with the same object, accompanied by a company of infantry and forty lancers, who upon arriving at the Grao found that General Rosell had managed to escape and had already embarked on his mission.

At night there arrived at Valencia 574 Guardia Civiles, and sixteen squadrons of the Ninth and Twelfth regiments of horse, under command of Colonel Villanueva and the new Military Governor of Valencia, Señor Rosales. During the whole day both sides maintained the *statuo quo*, with much cannonading and musketry exchanged.

On the 11th inst. it was found out that the insurrectionists of Valencia numbered between 12,000 and 15,000. At nine A. M. a convoy composed of 300 Guardia Civiles, a company of cavalry and two pieces of artillery left the city with the object of procuring powder from the manufactory at Beni-Mammachet and collecting provisions. At one in the afternoon the steamer Vigilante arrived at El Grao, having on board three generals and their staffs and 253 soldiers of the Seville regiment. Later in the afternoon the volunteers of Prim, the regiment called Hunters of Calatrava and 250 men of the Granada garrison arrived with Brigadier General Garcia Velarde.

In the evening, just as twilight was deepening into darkness, there occurred an incident which resulted in sad consequences. By the street of San Francisco there advanced a party of republicans with the evident intention of capturing the barracks which went by that name, situated in the Plaza San Francisco. Two sentinels of the Seville regiment, posted at the corner, cried out "*Quien vive?*" and immediately a company of soldiers advanced forward from the Plaza to reconnoitre the advancing body of insurgents, who were received with a withering discharge of musketry, causing the death of eight soldiers and wounding nearly a third of the remainder. A cannon was also pushed into the street loaded with canister, which was fired upon them, scattering them in all directions, but yet not causing them to retire. Another discharge from the insurrectionists and a bayonet charge quickly succeeding it, the soldiers retired precipitately, leaving the cannon in the power of the republicans. The Hunters of Calatrava and Volunteers de Prim, hearing the renewed animation of the firing, advanced upon the double quick, but were received by the republicans, who were constantly receiving fresh accessions to their numbers, in gallant style, and were obliged to retire in confusion, which finally became a panic, until they spread abroad the report that 10,000 republicans had left the barricade, striking terror into the weak garrisons who were occupying advanced houses. The whole army was becoming rapidly demoralized by these fugitives. The generals rushed out at the head of their companies, ordering them to stop; the Captain General Rivera himself was seen with his sword above his head ordering the flying troops to halt upon peril of their lives, but all had been of no avail had not the garrison in the barracks engaged the republicans and checked them until a regiment of lancers appeared with the bugle blowing the charge. The lancers charged, and the republicans retired with great loss.

This day, in the Plaza del Mercado, the insurgents had held a meeting, at which speeches were made by the alcade and city fathers, followed by much enthusiastic applause, ending in a general eleutheromanic scene.

Barricades were erected during the night at the embouchure of streets del Mar (commanding Hotel de Paris), where my fellow passengers and myself lodged on the 15th: Caballeros, Palau and San Tecla.

The guides of Prim garrisoned the railway station in the early morning, Calle Rusafas and the Bull Ring early this morning. Eighty of Velarde's brigade, with eighty Saguntine horse and two pieces of artillery, were posted upon Serrano Bridge. Another force, composed of 600 civil guards, ten cavalrymen and two pieces of artillery, commanded by Colonel Villanueva and Captain Nebot, was stationed at the gate of San Vicento.

The first of these forces attacked Murviedro street at ten o'clock A. M., after a brisk bombardment of artillery of the barricade, which effectually breached it, capturing nearly two-thirds of that barrio or district. Villanueva's column provoked a combat between the insurrectionists posted at Rusafa street and the convent of St. Gregory, which resulted in nothing save loss of men. At ten o'clock A. M. frigate Princesa of Asturias left the Grao harbor for Carthagena to convey artillerists and siege guns from the arsenal of that city to Valencia. In the evening the steamer Vulcan there disembarked the first battalion of the regiment of Galicia.

On the 13th instant a brigade commanded by Brigadier General Don Romualdo Palacios, he who was wounded at Esperaguerra three weeks ago, disembarked at El Grao. This force consisted of infantry from Arapiles, Alcantara; carbineers and lancers from Saguntum, and were instantly ordered to procure quarters for themselves in Marchalerce's district, which they did, with the loss of about forty men, among whom was a colonel of Arapiles infantry. During the night the steamer Pelayo arrived from Barcelona with the first battalion of Arragon regiment and Captain of Staff, Señor Calvo. There was much firing during the day.

On the 14th instant from eight A. M. to four P. M. there was a general engagement, much cannonading, a plenitude of fusilading, waste of powder and shot, many deaths and wounds on both sides—principally on the government side.

At four P. M. the force of Lieutenant General Alaminos arrived at Valencia from Madrid. After leaving a force in Masanassa and another in Alfafar, he proceeded to establish his lines outside the districts of San Vicente according to orders from General Rivera.

At six P. M. the second battalion of a regiment in the brigade of Palacios, with the first battalion of a regiment of infantry just arrived from Catalonia, endeavored to push operations in the eastern part of the city, but were punished severely by the insurgents in the cathedral towers and barricade and balconies superjacent.

In the evening, about half-past five, a commission, composed of the Archbishop of the diocese, the Marquis of Caceres, several ecclesiastics and well known persons of the city, left the barricades after the truce signal had been blown, bearing a white flag, and proceeded to the palace of the Captain General, for the purpose of mediating between the contending armies, and requesting that hostilities should be stopped, that further effusion of blood might be avoided and that several thousand innocents might not be made to suffer for those who thought it their duty to fight for their ideal republic. The prelate was reverentially saluted by the soldiers and chiefs in his transit towards headquarters, and applause, and lively expressions of approbation followed him wherever he went.

The Captain General replied that it was not to him the prelate should have come, however he thought of the matter; that he was charged by the Cortes and government to repress an insurrection; that however appalling the continuation of a close siege, with all its horrors, would be his duty was to continue it, even if all Valencia was laid in ruins; and, further, that his terms were surrender at discretion.

On the 15th inst. the terrible drama continues; is being enacted vigorously while I enter the city; is continued throughout all the day with innumerable horrible incidents, with shells nursing houses, creating visible consternation among the besieged, destroying venerated Gothic and Moorish relics, laying balconies low, searring finely carved pilasters and delicate tracery of stone work and other mural ornature, annihilating filigree work on churches, decapitating stone statues of gods and saints, striking off glorious pinnacles whose carvings and manifold volutes once tasked the sculptor's chisel, defacing noble arms sculptured in marble and granite; and, furthermore, the loud thunder of blustering cannon and the continual, incessant volleys of musketry, with the hurtling, deadly swish of bombs and the more deadly humming and crowning moan of thousands of bullets, invading all minds with terror, all hearts with bitterest woe, desolation and woefulliest ruin; and thus the dolorous history of Valencia's dreadful siege is—continued, from the rising of the sun to the setting of it, continued while I gaze upon it, fascinated at the interminable series of incidents which transpire below, even in this one single street of Calle del Mar.

At five P. M. of this day Brigadier Velarde made an assault upon the barricade of Calle del Mar, with 500 civil guards, while he was protected by 600 soldiers stationed in the balconies. But this barricade was a peculiar one; not only was it strong and high, but it was defended by two traverses breast high, formed of scaffold fixtures across two narrow turnings, which slightly deteriorated from the beauty and straight reach of this street, but which would detain troops for several minutes to demolish them, while whatever stood there was exposed to the fire from 800 to 1,000 muskets. The civil guards marched readily enough to what one might call their doom, to the sound of a very tremulous bugle. The firing was tremendous. Each soldier in the balconies plied his piece as if for dear life, while many got so excited as to render sight-seeing from the windows of the Hotel de Paris a most dangerous proceeding. Finally, anxiously awaiting the result of the march up the street, a simultaneous explosion of hundreds of muskets was heard, and the insurrectionists and civil guards were engaged at the short range of forty yards. But Spaniards are not framed of that spirit which can look with cool contempt upon death, nor can they stand for five minutes under fire at forty yards; for before they could have time to deliver the second discharge the whole body of civil guards were digging their way into the granite pavement, from whence they fired upwards carelessly, as if the very air they breathed contained mortal enemies, nor could they easily be coaxed to rise; but after ten minutes' efforts at self-murder with imaginary fears, the civil guards rose on their feet, but ducked their heads suddenly again as a very wave of bullets had swept them to death. In this ignoble manner with rearward parts higher than those which bestow royalty and dominion to men, they evanished swifter